



Red



👁 9 ✓ 0 ★ 1

Chapter 1 by Magdalene

It doesn't happen until you're weaned from your mother. They com into the room with a large needle & poke at your skin. Drawing of the Blood. When they drew my blood I was taken to a room & cut out from the world I knew at a young age. My new world started with new parents & new friends in a new place. If my blood had been silver, I would've lived a normal life with those who saw me as a newborn child. But my blood was red. Red as a rose. Red as my birth mother's lips. Red as in bloodshot eyes while you're crying. Red as in Royal. I'm a royal daughter, hundred & twenty-seventh. My blood ... determines my life ... because today ... I'm a leader/

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

🚫 You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account